A MIDSOMMER NIGHT DREAME.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, *with others.*

Theseus.

NOw faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower
Draws on apase: fower happy daies bring
An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how
This old Moone waues! She lingers my de
Like to a Stepdame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.
Hip. Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in n
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,
Now bent in heauen, shall beholde the night
Of our solemnities.
The. Goe *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments,
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy foorth to funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
Hyppolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.
Enter Egeus *and his daughter* Hermia, *and* Ly
and Helena, *and* Demetrius.
Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned duke.
The. Thankes good *Egeus*. What's the newes wit
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint